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THE  
*Salisbury* Miller's Garland.

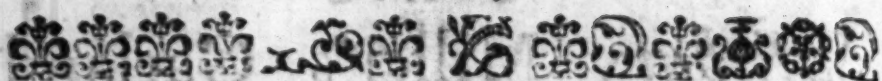
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*NEW SONGS.*

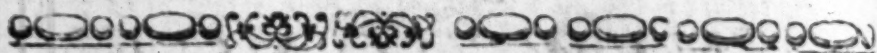
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*Licensed and enter'd according to Order.*



The *Salisbury* Miller's GARLAND.



*The Salisbury MILLER.*

I'LL tell you a Story at large,  
 Of a Malster a riding along,  
 Who had in his Pocket a Charge,  
 And thinking no Manner of Wrong;  
 Was met by a Gentleman Thief,  
 Who gave him a cruel Salute,  
 And bid him deliver in brief,  
 For there was no time to dispute.

In Silver he gave him three Pounds,  
 But that little sum would not do,  
 Therefore to oblige him with Wounds,  
 His broad Sword he presently drew;  
 And cut him without more Delay,  
 'Till twenty more Guineas he got:  
 The Thief then rode laughing away,  
 And left him to bleed on the Spot.

A *Salisbury* Miller came by,  
 A Man of wonderful Size;  
 And seeing his Neighbour there lie,  
 Dismounted and bleeding likewise;  
 Oh! what is the Matter? quoth he,  
 Oh! Sir, I've been robb'd of my Store;  
 My Silver and Guineas to Boot,  
 And the Rogue is gone jogging before.



His Jacket is lin'd with Blue,  
 And his Horse is a sorrel so neat,  
 Was I up Sir, to shew him to you,  
 You could shake the Shoes off his Feet.  
 Oh! I will mount your nimble Nag,  
 More swifter than my heavy Ball,  
 If I don't recover your Loss,  
 Adzooks it shall cost me a Fall.

The Miller rid through thick and thin,  
 And the Thief he o'ertook in a while;  
 The Robber straight at him let fly,  
 But his miss was as good as a Mile.  
 Then *Joseph* came up with him straight,  
 And gave him a Knock on the Crown;  
 His Club was so heavy and great,  
 He made him come tumbling down.

As on the Ground sprawling he lay,  
 The Malster he came up also,  
 Tell me Mr Malster I pray,  
 If this be the Thief I have now?  
 That robb'd thee thus of thy Store,  
 Thy Silver and Gold to the Boot;  
 For now I have got him in Hold,  
 You fairly with him may dispute:  
 I'll hang him upon this Oak Tree,  
 For fear of a sudden Uproar.  
 And when he is stone dead you may see,  
 He'll never rob Gentleman more,  
 At *Rochester* the Miller was try'd.  
 For hanging the Highwayman there;  
 But the Malster came in on his Side,  
 So *Joseph* the Miller got clear.

The



*The distracted young Virgin's Complaint in Bedlam,  
for the Loss of her Sweetheart.*

**L**AST New Year's Day as I walking,  
Into *Bedlam* I chanc'd to call:  
There I heard a fair Maid talking,  
For her true Love loud she did call:  
Make Haste and bring my *Billy* to me,  
Ye Gods of Love, Oh! take my Part,  
Oh! cruel Parents, why so cruel?  
Alas! did you feel the Smart.

As I poor Maiden here do suffer,  
'Tis for the Man whom I do adore;  
But sure he does not love another,  
Nor chide her for the Sake of Store;  
Oh! pretty *Cupid*, why so cruel?  
Have you not got an Arrow to spare,  
To wound the Heart of my dear Jewel,  
Oh! I wish I had him here.

But! hold I think I see him coming,  
Oh! don't you see him in yonder Clouds,  
With a Train of Damsels all round him,  
Oh! how they do my *Billy* croud,  
Come, let me go, I'll fly unto him,  
And I'll embrace him in my Arms,  
Oh! cruel Parents to refuse him,  
For he has ten thousand Charms.

His ruby Lips how I would kiss them,  
More sweeter than the Cherry red:

But



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But now alas, Oh! I have lost him,  
And thus must be my Mossy Bed:  
Then on the Bed of Straw she tumbled,  
Wringing her Hands, and singing cry'd,  
With a lowly Voice some Words she grumbled,  
And then her Face no more I 'spy'd.



*The Open hearted Damsel's Love to a young Man.*

What Woman can do, I have done to be free,  
Yet do all I can,  
I find I love him, tho' he flies me,  
Still, still he's the Man.  
They told me at once he to twenty would swear,  
But if Vows are so sweet who the Falseness can fear,  
You may say all you can,  
Still, still he's the Man.

I catch'd him once making Love to a Maid,  
And to him I ran,  
He turn'd me and kiss'd me, then who would upbraid,  
So civil a Man?  
Next Day to another I found he was kind;  
I rated him soundly, he swore he was blind;  
Who can do more than they can?  
Still, still he's the Man.

All the World bid me beware of his Arts;  
I do all I can,  
But he has taken such hold of my Heart,  
I doubt he's the Man;  
So sweet are his Kisses, his looks are so kind,  
He may have his Faults; but if I none can find.  
Who can do more than they can?  
Still, still he's the Man.

*The*

*The young Man's Answer.*

**Y**OU beauteous Virgin ne'er mind what they say,  
 I'll do what I can;  
 Tho' I to young Lasses am sometime too free,  
 Yet still I'm the Man.  
 When married we'll live in Joy and Delight,  
 We'll sport all the Day, and kits all the Night;  
 Let fond Lasses say what they can,  
 Still, still I'm the Man.

Your Beauty invites me, I still must love thee,  
 And do all I can,  
 You're handsome and comely, brisk, Jolly, and free  
 And I am the Man  
 Your Eyes are so tempting with beauteous Snares,  
 I love you more dear than *Venus* lov'd *Mars*,  
 Let fond Lasses say what they can,  
 Still, still I'm the Man.

*The Damsel's Lamentation.*

**D**OWN by a Chyftal River-side,  
 Where the little Fishes they did glide,  
 A Damsel fair there did I see,  
 Who often cry'd out, *Woe is me.*

It's true, says she, I had a Love,  
 Whom I adore and prize above  
 All worthy Wealth, I do implore,  
 He's gone, he's gone, I know not where  
 Some

Some say he's on the raging Main,  
 But when he will return again;  
 Alack! alas! it is unknown,  
 Where shall I go to make my Moan?

Into some Forest, or some Grove,  
 Where I will moan for my true Love,  
 And tell my pretty Birds my Grief,  
 It will afford some small Relief.

No Linnet, Lark, nor Turtle Dove,  
 Such Moan ever made for their true Love,  
 Nor all the winged Fowl that fly,  
 Sure never felt such Grief as I.

A Heart I have, it will not break,  
 A Tongue I have, and dare not speak;  
 Two hands I have, but dare not write,  
 To him that is my Heart's Delight.

I wish I were some silly Fly,  
 That in his Bosom I might lie,  
 That the World might plainly see,  
 I lov'd the Man that lov'd not me.

My Love cast Anchor in the Sea,  
 So deep it sunk into the Sand:  
 So did my Heart in my Body,  
 When I took my false Love by the Hand.

How happy is the Country Girl,  
 That does sit spinning at the Wheel;  
 I would

I would give all the Wealth I have,  
I felt no more than she doth feel.

As for the crawling earthly Worm,  
That can neither hear nor see,  
I wish I had been one of those,  
When first I kept his Company.

Farewel ye Flowers of false Deceit,  
That causes my poor Heart to break;  
My Countenance it is brought low,  
My Honour in the Dust also.

Upon her Tomb these Lines were writ,  
*No fairer Face for Art and Wit;*  
*For her true Love she then did cry,*  
*True Love now cannot live but die.*

Now from the Seas this Man did turn,  
And hearing that his Love was dead;  
Then straight unto her Grave did run,  
And reading what was on her said.

In Passion then he smote his Breast,  
In Agony these Words exprest:  
*Curs'd be the Ship that in I went,*  
*And left this Girl in Discontent.*

*In this World I will not stay,*  
*But unto her I'll haste away;*  
*For her my Life I will resign,*  
*For here I cannot Comfort find*